Mushrooms

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Mushrooms

by Sulla

Summary

After hearing about Abigail's experience with mushrooms, Will wants Hannibal to give him some, too. Hijinks ensue. Extra manipulative Hannibal in this one, folks.

This is my first Hannibal fic. Please be gentle :)

“He did what?” spluttered Will Graham, nearly choking on his coffee. Abigail handed him a tissue to wipe up the spill on his lap.

“Doctor Lecter gave me tea made with mushrooms. You know, the funny ones. Shrooms,” she replied, with a glint in her eye.

Will, while patting up the mess, gives her a disbelieving look. He couldn’t imagine Hannibal Lecter doing such a thing, especially to someone under his care.

“No really, he did! He said it was safe if taken with a qualified psychiatrist to guide the experience. That’s what he called it, ‘the experience’. Little did he know that I’ve had friends taking LSD ‘trips’ since I was in middle school,” she said, smiling.

Will smiled back. “Well, how was the ‘experience’?” He used the same air quotes that Abigail had used herself. He was curious; drugs were something he had managed to avoid in high school, mostly because he had no friends at school and therefore there was no peer-pressure; there was also the fact that he moved around so much that he never managed to engender the kind of trust it takes for a teenager to admit to using drugs, let alone offering some to a veritable stranger.

“It was amazing. Everything seemed so clear. Emotions were heightened. And none of my problems could touch me. Everything I put my hands on had life in it. I kept seeing the stucco on the ceiling moving in circles... and when I moved my eyes... “ Abigail had a look of bliss coming over her face as she described her trip. “Overall, it was very positive. I felt… cared for. By Hannibal… and by you.” She finished this with a blush rising up over her cheeks.

Will took off his glasses and absent-mindedly cleaned them with a corner of his shirt. “Well, I’m glad it worked out all right for you. I don’t pretend to know the benefits or hazards of using mushrooms medicinally, but if Hannibal OK’d it, who am I to argue against it.” Putting his glasses back on, he checked his watch.

“It’s about time I left, Abigail. I have my own meeting with Hannibal tonight,” he said, standing up and putting his jacket on.

She smiled, but he could tell she was disappointed at the short visit. “Maybe you should ask Hannibal for a treatment yourself?”

Will laughed quietly. “I don’t think so, Abigail. Even if I wanted to, I doubt that he would be willing to try this out with me. So long, Abigail, I’ll see you again in a few days, OK?”

She hugged him. “OK Will. See you soon.”

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Will was in Hannibal's waiting room promptly at 7:30 pm. His mind was turning over what Abigail had told him. Her talk of her problems lessening for the duration of the trip was tempting. Lately he had hardly been sleeping, and when he did, he dreamed of horrors. Might mushrooms do damage to him if it took them? Or would they be a welcomed respite? He was determined to find out.

"Please, come in," welcomed Hannibal when he opened the door to his office.

Will came inside and took his usual seat, waiting for Hannibal to take his own before broaching the subject he wished to discuss. "Psilocybin," he said.

Hannibal stared at Will inscrutably, face a mask.

"Mushrooms," ventured Will once more.

A slight smile appeared for a split second before it was gone.

"You've been to see Abigail, I see."

"Yes. She told me about the treatment you gave her. She gave you and the fungus a very positive review" said Will thoughtfully.

"I am glad to hear that," replied Hannibal.

"I just have to ask, though," Will started carefully, "She's your patient. Wouldn't this be a conflict of interest on your part?"

Hannibal blinked, but remained his signature calm exterior. "Actually, Abigail is Alana Bloom's patient, and such as my relationship with you, I am just having conversations with her, and trying to give her a measure of security at this trying time.

"Hmm. Well, her report to me was so positive that I thought it might be something you might want to try with me. Would you would consider giving me the same treatment?"

One tapered eyebrow lifted up for a moment before it disappeared again. Hannibal stared wordlessly at Will until it started to make Will very uncomfortable indeed. "Hannibal?"

"Yes, Will."

"Please, do take your time responding to me. I'll just watch paint dry or, or, better yet, watch grass grow."

"Rude, Will," said Hannibal with a small smirk.

"My apologies, Hannibal. It's just how Abigail described it – it sounded like something that might work for me…"

Hannibal cleared his throat and picked a speck of fluff off of his suit pants. "Yes. Well, Will, I had not considered it as a treatment for you. You, as an empath and a forensics expert, are not

the most fertile grounds for which this treatment to function to end with a positive outcome. Am I right to assume that you have never encountered psychedelic drugs before now?"

"Yes, that would be correct. But Abigail's testimony gives me hope that it would work to my benefit. She also has had trauma I her life and have seen horrible things, and it worked for her. I'm desperate for change in my headspace. Now that I see that that might be achieved, I don't want to let the idea go."

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Hannibal couldn't believe what had just fallen into his pocket. Will Graham himself was volunteering to put himself under the influence of an extremely unpredictable and potent drug. When Hannibal had administered the drug to Abigail, to had been with the aim of manipulating her into seeing him as family and someone she could trust absolutely.

But now, Will Graham, the man who filled Hannibal's thoughts and dreams and whom he wanted to eviscerate just to see how that beautiful mind and body worked, was here. The very man who starred in the rare fantasies that he allowed himself when looking for his own pleasure, was offering himself up like ripe fruit off the vine. Imagine what those 4 hours could offer Hannibal? What insights would he be given into Will's train of thought? What would Will think? What will he feel? Hannibal was aware that he was beginning to obsess over the empath, and that itself was such a rare occurrence that he wanted to study all angles of it.

He watched as Will sat forward in his chair, bouncing his knee, and if Hannibal didn't speak soon, that sassy mouth would surface again.

"I will give it some thought, and get back to you before the week is over," Hannibal finally replied. He watched as Will fought against his urge to push Hannibal to do it tonight.

"But for now, tell me about your sleep habits? Any better than last week?"

Will sighed, and the session went on from there as if the mushroom question had never been brought up.

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Will was making notes in his lecture hall after class when the call came.

"Will? I have considered your request, and I think this could be very beneficial to your progress. Please dress comfortably, soft materials if possible, and come to my house at 8pm tonight. Is this agreeable for you?"

“Hannibal, yes, definitely. I’ll see you this evening.”

“See you soon.”

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Will stood at Hannibal’s door, waiting for the reply to his knock. He had only been to Hannibal’s home once for a meal and another that time he brought the wine to the dinner party that he never attended.

“Ah, Will, good to see you. Please, come in”

“You sound like we’re still at your office,” Will said with a huff of laughter.

Smiling, Hannibal took his coat to hang up, and having done so, he looked Will up and down. “A holey sweater and track suit bottoms.” Hannibal sighed. “Well, I did say to dress comfortably.”

Will laughed, “I thought you might regret that instruction.”

“Yes, well, it is your comfort that is paramount here. Thank you for taking the instructions seriously. Would you please follow me to the kitchen?”

Will followed Hannibal to what Will had come to think of as the inner sanctum of the Lecter house from the two times he had visited. On the counter there was a glass teapot full of what looked like twigs, steam and a funky odor coming from it as it steeped.

“So this is the stuff?”

“That it is.”

“Will you also be partaking?”
Hannibal shook his head minutely. “No. My part is to guide your experience so that it takes the direction that we want it to go. I will try to keep you on track, help you process what you feel and see.”

Will looked up at this. “Hannibal, is there any danger in taking this drug?”

Hannibal paused for a moment before responding seriously. “Some people have what is commonly referred to as a ‘bad trip’, where they become anxious and frightened. But as long as you are guided adequately, negative experiences can be avoided.”

“Is it addictive?”

“No.”

“And there’s no danger of overdose?” asked Will hesitantly.

“If one were to drink the entire pot of tea at once, the visual, auditory and mental effects would be much more powerful, and harder to guide. But have no fear, Will, I have done the necessary calculations for how much a man your size and weight would best be benefitted by.”

Will released a breath that he had not known he was holding. He trusted Hannibal."

Hannibal pulled out a teacup and measured out a full cup for will. “Take this, and drink it,” he said, “you will begin to feel the effects in about a half hour.”

“Well,” said Will, taking the teacup gingerly in one hand, “down the proverbial hatch! See you on the other side, Hannibal.”

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The pair of them were in the sitting room chatting quietly and listening to classical music when the effect of the drug began to take place. Hannibal had lit a fire in the fireplace, and set some incense to burn, leaving a soft musky scent spiced with lavender. They had been engaging in talks about the recent cases that Will had been working on when Will found that his concentration was wandering. The spirals of smoke rising from the incense stick began to dance, but not in rhythm to the music, but to the rise and fall of Hannibal’s voice. The man’s accent was a visible thing to Will.

Without saying a word, Will got out of his chair and went down on his knees to crawl over to where Hannibal was sitting. He reached up and touched the other man’s throat. The doctor had ceased talking at this turn of events, and Will scowled.

“Talk, Hannibal,” Will ordered.
Hannibal laughed. “And what should I talk about about, pray tell?”

“I don’t care. Just talk.” The music from the stereo had ceased, and Will could concentrate on the older man alone.

Hannibal began to speak, but Will didn’t listen to what he was saying. He was holding Hannibal’s neck gently with both hands, feeling the movement of muscles, adam’s apple and voice box. It was lovely, the manual sensation of sound. It was unlike anything Will had experienced before. Suddenly he noticed that he couldn’t understand what Hannibal was saying.

“Hannibal,” Will interrupted the flow of sibilant words, hands still gentle on the doctor’s neck. “Are you speaking English, or am I hallucinating? Wait—I know I’m hallucinating, as I’m seeing a dancing row of rainbow skeletons every time I close my eyes, but….I wasn’t

expecting to hallucinate you speaking in tongues…" Will let go of Hannibal and sat back on his knees in front of the seated doctor.

Hannibal laughed quietly, and Will saw across the room that the smoke of the incense zigged and zagged with the movement of the air surrounding it, even though there was no way that his laugh could have disturbed the smoke at that distance.

"I was speaking Lithuanian, Will, to enhance your experience. You seemed to be utterly transfixed by my voice, and I wanted to see what would happen."

Will's attention was being drawn away by a new noise. A quiet huffing from behind the settee that Hannibal was sitting on.

"That," started Will, apprehensively. "Do you hear that?"

"I'm afraid I hear nothing but you and I, Will. What is it that you are hearing?"

Will ignored him, jumping up from the floor and throwing himself on the settee so that he could see what was behind it.

The stag.

The stag was there, lying on its side, huffing quietly as it breathed. The odd feathers that it had all over it's body were rippling rhythmically in time with Will's own heartbeat. He glanced over at Hannibal, who was following his eye-line. The other man's face didn't change. It was obvious to Will that only he could see the stag. This didn't surprise him. No one ever saw the visions that he saw. He was not surprised to see the stag now. The creature had been a regular visitor to Will for some time now. There was nothing to fear. For now at least.

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Hannibal spent the next hour following Will around the house as he investigated each room and was visually stimulated by the patterns and structures of Hannibal's house. Twice he had to guide the special agent away from the locked basement door, enticing him away from the door each time, dangling a new thought or pattern to focus on like he was enticing a cat to some new game to get it to divert its attention. Hannibal asked probing questions and extracted answers from Will that the agent didn't seem to know he was even providing. He seemed so distracted by the visual effect that he didn't seem to notice anything else.

At one point, Will became entranced by the painting in his dining room, Leda and the Swan. Hannibal watched as Will drew his face closer and closer to the canvas, and was about to warn him away from bumping his nose against the priceless work of art, when he noticed the tent in Will's pants. Hannibal was not surprised – many people, men especially found the painting to be exceedingly erotic; he had many times needed to pull a red-faced Chilton away

from it, the man sporting his own erection. This was the first time Will seemed to have noticed it – but that wasn't true, was it? Will was usually very aware of everything around him – this was just the first time he was visibly aware of it.

Finally Hannibal maneuvered Will into the place he really wanted to be, upstairs, to the master bedroom. Upon seeing the massive king-sized bed, Will sat on the edge of it and bounced a few times. Hannibal stood at the door to the room, watching him. Just seeing the younger man in his bedroom was enflaming his desire. Leaving Will, who was now lying on his back on the bed staring at the ceiling, he entered the ensuite and started to run a hot bath. This is how they would begin. How far would he be able to get with Will? It was now time for Hannibal to find out.

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The stucco on the ceiling dipped and swirled, and every time Will made his eyes flick up or down, or left or right, the dots would all rush together into that corner of the room. He couldn't get enough of the swirling vistas that he saw.

"Will, come take a bath," called Hannibal. "It will be a whole new bodily sensation. Come and give it a try."

Will turned his head in the direction that the voice was coming from and watched, fixated, as Hannibal entered his vision sideways, looking like he was horizontally oriented. Hannibal was outfitted in his leisure gear, a soft red sweater and casual trousers. He looked more relaxed than Will had ever seen him.

Will smiled at the Doctor, his friend, who had never done anything but support him and try to protect him from people like Jack who wanted to use him for his 'gifts'. He felt so grateful to Hannibal, and sometimes, if he wasn't straight, he would think the man was attractive in an utterly sensual way. His accent, his broad shoulders and slim hips. He was pretty damn good-looking for a man approaching 50.

Hearing Hannibal's call from the bathroom, Will stood up from the bed and followed the voice.

"Do you like your baths hot?" asked Hannibal, respectfully.

"Yeah, hot is good."

"All right. I'll help you undress," Hannibal replied. Will stopped a moment at that, and Hannibal must have seen it, because he added, "Just let me take care of you, Will. I want your experience to be everything that it can be."

"OK, sure."

Nodding quietly, Hannibal said, "Arms up."

Will raised his arms, and his sweater and t-shirt came off all at once. He was watching the bubbles swilling and undulating in the bath, and didn't see the once-over that Hannibal gave his upper body. He was aware in a detached sort of way that Hannibal was carefully folding his clothes and placing them on a small ornate table in the well-appointed bathroom.

Will came back to himself as Hannibal pulled at his belt. He almost asked the other man to stop, but recalled what he had just said, and so allowed him to pull his trousers down and off of his body. Hannibal also rid him of his socks, which left him in just his boxers. Strangely, Will didn't feel too bad about it. He'd been naked around men before, he was mature enough to know that it didn't matter among friends. After all, he had nothing to be ashamed of. He allowed Hannibal to ease his shorts over his flaccid cock, and as soon as the doctor turned to fold the boxers and lay them aside, Will climbed into the claw-footed tub.

Will let out a long sigh. The heat on his skin was perfect. Hannibal went to his knees next to the tub, and began sponging the hot, soapy water up and over his chest and his back. Will didn't mind. His eyes were closed, and he was seeing the Grateful Dead teddy bears marching in that memorable rainbow hue. It was all about rhythm, these hallucinations, all about pattern. And no way near as terrifying as his usual visions are. Happily, he had encountered no visions of Garrett Jacob Hobbs as of yet, and he hoped it would stay that way.

Will was pulled out of his thoughts by Hannibal adding shampoo to his hair, and lathering up the hair on his head. He let his head fall back and enjoyed the rub. With each stroke, Will felt sensation zipping down to his crotch. He had been flaccid as he entered the tub, but now he felt his penis beginning to harden. Has it really been that long? Will asked himself. Well, a hand on your body is a hand on your body – he'd known himself to get hard from platonic hugs before, he was so touch-starved. After all, it had been his first year as a beat cop in New Orleans since he had actually last had sex with a woman and he'd never had sex with a man, nor had the inclination to do so. Maybe Hannibal wouldn't notice his budding erection? Yeah, good luck with that. The doctor was the most observant man he had ever known. He decided not to bring it up, and hoped it would just go away on its own.

Hannibal, finished with scrubbing Will's hair, poured fresh water out of the tap over his head, shielding his eyes from the soap as he did so. Will eased back again against the back of the tub. Hannibal began again at his feet, washing up his legs and nearer and nearer to Will's embarrassment. Finally, just before contact, Will darted a hand out to stop Hannibal's hand from going further.

"Hannibal. This all feels amazing. The sensations are unbelievable. But I have to stop you here. I'm not gay."

Hannibal leaned back a little, fixing him with an inscrutable stare. "Neither am I, Will. Doesn't mean I can't help you have the best possible mushroom 'experience', does it? It doesn't mean a change of lifestyle, or a change of your orientation. A touch is a touch, and as long as it's a friendly touch, nothing much else matters, correct?"

"Yeeeess…' Will drew out the response and then when stock-still. "Wait. You didn't help Abigail have the "best possible mushroom trip" like THIS, did you?"

Hannibal sat back on his feet by the tub. "You even have to ask me this?"

“Well...”

“Well NO, Will, I did not. I only touched Abigail to embrace her at the end of the evening. She is our daughter now, Will, I wouldn’t do anything so uncouth. I’m surprised at you.”

Will now felt ashamed, color rising in his cheeks and chest. “I’m sorry, I wasn’t thinking. I’m not thinking much at all right now actually...”

Hannibal laughed. “Yes, well, I am not surprised. In your state, such an accusation is absolutely forgivable. Your pupils are so dilated that they are blocking out the beautiful blue of your irises.”

Will worried, “Is that normal?”

“For a psychedelic drug, yes. I expect that you have another two hours to enjoy this experience. Will you let me guide you?”

Will felt bad for doubting Hannibal, and he was right – the touches felt amazing, and Hannibal was a friend he could trust. Maybe he should explore everything Hannibal had in mind for him.

Will sighed quietly. ”OK.” He released Hannibal’s hand.

After a moment, Hannibal took up where he left off. He used the soapy sponge to wash Will’s balls gently, and then sponged gently up Will’s half-hard cock.

“Mn,” uttered Will, his eyes closed. He could feel Hannibal’s eyes on his face, and so wasn’t surprised that the sponge went away, and a large, warm and firm hand replaced it. The thumb toyed with the ridge around the head of Will's cock , and then he took Will firmly in hand and stroked just once.

“Unh, god.”

“No Will. Just me.”

Will snorted before subsiding. Hannibal continued to stroke slowly and gently, and brought his other hand down beneath the water and played with Will’s balls. Will was so desperate for a touch that he was afraid that he was going to come in seconds. He darted a hand down and stopped the stroking of his cock.

“It’s been a long time. I’m going to come in seconds if you don’t stop, and I fall asleep right after an orgasm, I’m totally useless. I don’t want the trip to end yet.”

“Psilocybin won’t allow you to sleep until the trip is over, and sometimes not for hours after that. Trust me. You will not ruin or cut short your experience by having an orgasm.”

“Oh, well,” replied Will, “if you’re sure about it… I’ve been told years ago that I was a disappointing lay.” He uttered a bitter-sounding laugh. “I always want to reciprocate with my partner, but I always pass out.”

“You could never be a disappointment, Will.” Hannibal responded. He looked down and saw that Will’s cock had deflated and felt that the water was getting cool. “Hop up, my boy, and let me dry you off.”

At this, Will found himself strangely bereft. He had thought for sure that he would be getting a hand job there, and now Hannibal had stopped. Sex with another man was never a fantasy for him, but now that it had come so close, he felt let down. He stood up bashfully in the tub, covering his genitals and Hannibal wrapped a luxuriously fluffy towel around him, drying him off all over.

“Go lie down on the bed for a bit, if you would, Will? I will be right with you.”

Will left the bathroom wrapped in the towel, and let himself fall back into the silken sheets of Hannibal’s bed. He tried to not pay as much attention to the dots on the ceiling, and instead focus on the things Hannibal had said.

He didn’t have long to wait before Hannibal joined him at the bed, sitting with his feet still touching the floor, fully dressed as before. As for Will, his chest was visible, but his genitals were covered again by the towel.

“Er... I hate to invite you to your bed when it’s YOUR bed…” Will started awkwardly, “But do you want to lie down too? Or are you taking a bath yourself?”

Hannibal smiled at him. “I’ve already bathed today. Will, this may sound trite, but may I please kiss you?”

Will went red again. “I told you, I’m not gay.”

Hannibal replied just as fast, “and I told you that I am not either. You are different, though. You cannot be defined by 'either/or'. I want to taste you.” The last bit came out as almost a purr. Contrary to Will’s self-beliefs, he found himself hardening under the towel.

Will, luxuriating in the silken sheets couldn’t bring himself to say no. “Yeah Hannibal, OK. Kiss me you fool.” Even while on a mushroom trip, the sass just wouldn’t stop.

Hannibal paused for a moment, and then pulled off his sweater. Will tried not to look, but couldn’t help himself. Hannibal was revealing a taut upper body, chest thick with crisp greying hair. Broad shoulders. Slightly soft around the belly, but that’s age’s work. The man is incredibly fit. There are several scars dotting his torso, both circular and straight-edged. Will wondered how Hannibal had got them, considering that he was a psychiatrist. Do shrinks have patients attack them all that often? Will can’t imagine it. Perhaps it was from his time as a trauma surgeon or when he worked the emergency room while doing his residency. Whatever the reason, the scars made Hannibal seem much tougher than he appeared in his habitual 3 piece suits.

Hannibal left his trousers on, but levied himself up onto the bed to join Will. He used his upper body to sort of trap Will, straddling his chest with his arms, and leaning down closer, and closer, and closer yet. They had wide-open eye contact until their lips touched. It was just a touch at first, then another and another, which progressed to Hannibal slipping out the tip of

his tongue to seek entry into Will's mouth. Will groaned and opened his mouth to the questing muscle, letting the other man lick around his mouth and try to get Will to get his tongue included too. It felt incredible, and Will just gave himself up to what became what was hands-down the sexiest kiss he had ever engaged in. His hand snaked down to where the towel covered his freshly erect cock and he pushed up hard against the hand. It felt AMAZING.

Hannibal was onto him though, and he pulled Will's hand away from his cock. "Let me do that for you tonight."

Will took his hand away, bringing it up to brush Hannibal's hair back from his eyes. "Yeah? OK, do your worst. Wait, no, best. Yeah, that's it."

Hannibal smirked at him and pulled back from his position over the top half of Will's body, only to reach down and carefully and gently pull the towel away from Will's groin. The empath's cock was solid and flushed deep red. Will watched as Hannibal first brought his hand from his belly button down through the dark thatch of pubic hair, to circle around his cock at the base. Will could feel the pre-come welling up in his slit, beginning to drip down his shaft. Oh god, Will thought, I really am desperate – and Hannibal hadn't even done anything to him yet! He was surprised at himself, however; he had expected to be turned off at the picture of a man touching his cock, but somehow it was hotter, far more erotic, than any other touch he'd known. Will was too close to the edge.

Hannibal impulsively (at least he imagined that it was an impulsive move) leaned down and kissed the tip of Will's cock at the bottom of a down-stroke, and that was it. Hannibal pulled back just in time as the little twitches at the base of Will's cock told the doctor of that imminent explosion, and just barely missed getting a face-full of come. Instead, the liquid spurted quite impressively high and landed on Will's upper chest and a drip on his lower lip.

Still quivering, Will said, "I thought we were sticking to hands?"

"Did it not feel good?" enquired Hannibal.

"Yes, yes, it felt amazing! I just mean… I don't know what I mean. Ignore me,"

"I could never ignore you," Hannibal replied fondly. He dipped his face down to lick Will's semen off of the empath's lip.

"Wow," breathed Will. Hannibal got up and retrieved a warm washcloth from the bathroom to clean Will up. After throwing the soiled cloth in his laundry hamper, he drew up to the bedside again.

"Can I give you a massage, Will?"

"Don't you want me to do something for you?" asked Will, somewhat hesitantly, not knowing the etiquette.

"Don't worry about me for now. I'm going to take off my trousers off so I can straddle you on the bed for the massage, is that acceptable?"

Will was almost delirious with pleasure from his orgasm, which was unlike anything he had ever experienced before. It was an orgasm, yes, but it was MORE. And he wanted more of that more. “Sure, have at it,” Will replied. He had pulled his arm over his eyes, focusing again for a moment on the hallucinations behind his eyelids.

He felt the bed dip. “Roll over, Will.”

Groaning blissfully, Will turned over. It was then that he noticed that the trousers weren’t the only thing Hannibal had taken off. The psychiatrist was buck naked. How had Will missed the removal of Hannibal's shorts, he did not know. Just then, as his mind questioned the fact, Hannibal settled above him, straddling him just below Will’s ass. In his intoxication, the only thing Will could think to do was to laugh. And laugh and laugh.

“What is it, Will?” Hannibal asked quietly as the younger man roared with laughter.

Eventually, Will’s laughter dropped to giggles and finally to little huffs of merriment. “Oh I don’t know, Hannibal. It’s just that I’ve never had a man’s erect cock lining my butt-crack.”

“Language, Will” Hannibal said with a little smile.

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Hannibal started up at the muscles of Will’s neck and shoulders, which were tied in knots. Using his strong hands and some massage oil he worked on the empath’s sore muscles. His movements, however, were causing him to slide his slick cock between Will’s ass-cheeks, and while Hannibal prided himself on his endurance, this was his first time with the target of his obsession. Will had allowed Hannibal’s manipulations to the end of getting the younger man into his bed. If he was careful, Hannibal might get the trophy he wanted the most of all – that is, for Will Graham’s first time with a man to be with HIM.

Hannibal began to focus more on his own genitals than his hands, and the massage was suffering. It had to be soon, there was no telling when Will would sober up and push him away. He wasn’t afraid that he would lose his friendship or the trust Will had in him, probably because he was a narcissist and he knew it, and he believed that he could manipulate anyone and anything. Will might be angry for a bit, but Hannibal would win him back. After all, it’s not like Will won’t be getting off again too, for a second time! He’ll be grateful if he was smart. And if Will was anything, it was smart.

He looked up at Will, and could see his head turned to the left side, head on the dark blue pillow, eyes closed. Hannibal took the opportunity to lean back, pull apart Will’s butt-crack and use the massage oil to slip and slide over and over again over Will’s tight little hole. That’s what he wanted. Right there. He took hold of the head of his cock foreskin pulled back tightly in his excitement and pushed against the little pucker before drawing back and tracing circles around the hole with his cock-head.

The sound of a clearing throat brought Hannibal back to himself. He looked up to find Will up on his elbows, looking back at Hannibal, one eyebrow reaching for the sky.

“I was just…” Hannibal started.

“Yes, I know "'you were just,'” replied Will sardonically.

“All I want to do for you is to give you the best experience possible,” Hannibal replied carefully.

“I don’t know Hannibal, just a minute there it looked like you were trying to give YOURSELF the best experience possible,” said Will, whose pupils were still dilated from the effects of the mushrooms.

“Listen to me, Will. I finished your massage and I wanted to give you what so many men enjoy, but are afraid to let themselves experience positively.”

“And what’s that?”

“A prostate massage.”

“Oh, I’ve heard of those. But don’t you do the massage with your fingers, not your dick?” asked Will, snarkily

“That depends. As a doctor I know exactly where it is, and there is no need for fumbling around. And,” (here it goes) “didn’t you say you wanted to do something to bring me off too?”

“Oh. Yeah.” Will looked contrite, just the way Hannibal wanted him.

“I won’t hurt you, Will, and it will feel amazing.”

“But I just came 10 minutes ago!”

Hannibal smiled. “And I have great faith in your stamina, Will. “

Will grinned as he laid his head back on the pillow. At that moment, Hannibal knew that he had him. All the way though this exchange, the doctor had never stopped his motions. He now pulled Will’s butt-cheeks together, and thrust himself though the channel he had made. Will could say what he liked, but the younger man was starting to thrust his hips back as if to impale himself on Hannibal’s cock.

He petted Will on the back. “Shhhh... you trust me, do you not? Let me give you this one final pleasure.”

Will sighed, long and breathy. “Yes, I do trust you Hannibal. Do what you will. Just please don’t let it hurt.”

“It won’t. Here, put this pillow under your hips, it will make the angle much better for both of us. It shouldn’t be painful at all, Will.”

“Good.”

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Will did his best to relax into the new sensations filling his mind and body. He could feel when Hannibal pulled his cock away from Will’s hole, and replaced it with a well-slicked finger.

Will had never had a problem with gay people, and was in fact flattered when anyone at all found him attractive, period. But this was not something he had ever planned to do. However, his erection, which had flagged after his orgasm, resurged with a vengeance in his anticipation. Hannibal’s finger breached his hole, and it felt odd, like he had to have a bowel movement, but as the finger slowly pushed in and out, he quickly became used to the sensation. As another finger joined the first, he could feel the stretch, but it didn’t come close to pain.

“I’m just stretching you, Will, as one would stretch any muscle before working it,” explained Hannibal, slowly adding in a third finger. Will grunted quietly and he choked back a complaint. He really believed in reciprocity in sexual encounters and he felt he owed Hannibal for the great experience the doctor had shown him so far.

“Okay, Will, I think you are ready. I will ease out my fingers and replace them with my penis.”

Will almost started to giggle again, hearing the word coming from the rather proper doctor that he knew so well. But he didn’t have the chance as the head of Hannibal’s cock broached the muscle of his anus. It was a real stretch, and he said as much.

Hannibal took a moment to reply, waiting until he was fully embedded in Will’s ass. He stroked his hand down the right side of Will’s body, holding himself up with his left hand beside the agent’s left side.

“If it’s uncomfortable, bear down on me a few times. Ungh. Yes, like that. Does it feel any better?”

Will nodded silently against his pillow. Appearing to take that as enough of a positive answer, Hannibal began to pull himself halfway out of Will’s body before shoving himself back in. While it didn’t hurt, much, Will was wondering how a man could really enjoy this act. Or at least being on the receiving end of said act. But just as this thought appeared in his head, Hannibal changed his angle and what felt like the sun exploding behind his closed eyelids and a deep, all-encompassing sensation of pleasure rocked through him.

“Oh! Hannibal...” Will threw back one hand to grasp Hannibal’s right knee and gripped him hard as the older man leaned down and purred into Will’s ear.

“I thought you’d like that.”

Hannibal picked up speed, unerringly hitting Will’s prostate with each inward thrust. Will began to push himself back on Hannibal’s cock, this time impaling himself properly and twisting his hips in little circles as the sensations reached a boiling point.

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Hannibal was in a holy place, a spot of incredible, indescribable pleasure, and enjoyed great satisfaction at a good solid bit of manipulation coming to fruition. Getting Will to this point had taken finesse and no small amount of good luck. He could thank Abigail for her part in enticing Will to come to him. But he wouldn’t, of course.

Now Will was literally writhing, impaled on Hannibal’s thrusting cock, and success never felt better. He gripped the smaller man by the back of the neck with one hand and began to really pound into his prostate. He could feel the fluttering of the muscles inside Will, clenching and releasing, and he was pretty sure that the man was going to come with nothing but the stimulation to his prostate. The younger man was panting out words that Hannibal couldn’t catch except for the fact that it included a good many, “oh oh oh”’s. Will must be very close indeed.

Hannibal was right. Beneath him, Will went stock-still and the rhythmic clenches around Hannibal’s prick let him know that the younger man was spilling his load into the pillow beneath him. The older man fucked him through his orgasm, and after Will had subsided, he eased up on the over-sensitive prostate and focused on getting himself off.

It didn’t take long. He leaned down and licked the back of Will’s neck, mouthing it a bit and trying to decide whether he should risk a bite on not. But just the thought was enough, and he spilled copiously into Will’s still-trembling body before he could come to a solid decision.

Hannibal ‘s surging body finally came to a rest above Will. He placed his hand on Will’s head, stroking the dark curly hair.

“Did you enjoy that my boy?”

“Mmmmmmmmm,” Will moaned from beneath him. Finally he added, “I’m sorry but I think I’ve ruined your pillow case.”

“No fear, Will, it’ll all come out in the wash.”

“Well…. Good,” said the man beneath him. “Can you get off me now? You weigh about a ton.”

Hannibal huffed. “Who, me? Never. I am but a stripling.”

“My ass.”

“Honestly, Will. That tongue of yours”

“What – you can fuck my ass but I can’t say the *word* ‘ass’?” asked Will, incredulous.

Hannibal harrumphed. “How are you feeling now?” he asked, pointedly changing the subject.

“Oh, yeah, well, pretty good,” replied Will in a high, mild voice. “I think the effects of the mushrooms are waning.”

“I would imagine that they would be wearing off by now. Stay here tonight, Will,” Hannibal asked impulsively.

Will rolled so that he could sit up. “I can’t. The dogs need to be let out and fed.”

Hannibal was silent at that. He suspected that Will could have gotten his neighbor to feed and let the dogs out, but he needed time to think. A lot happened tonight, after all.

“I’d best be going now,” said Will.

Hannibal trained his face to be indecipherable, giving Will no idea what he was thinking. He watched as the younger man just started collecting his clothes and putting them on. Hannibal picked up his housecoat and followed Will downstairs to see him to the door.

“Just a moment, Will,” asked the doctor, who peered into his eyes. “Yes, your pupils are back to normal again, and it’s been over five hours, so you should be safe to drive. I will see you at the regular appointment? Come prepared to talk about the entire mushroom experience.

“Yes, I’ll be there. See you.”

Will stepped out of the door and into the night. Hannibal watched until he could no longer see Will’s taillights, and closed the door.

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